



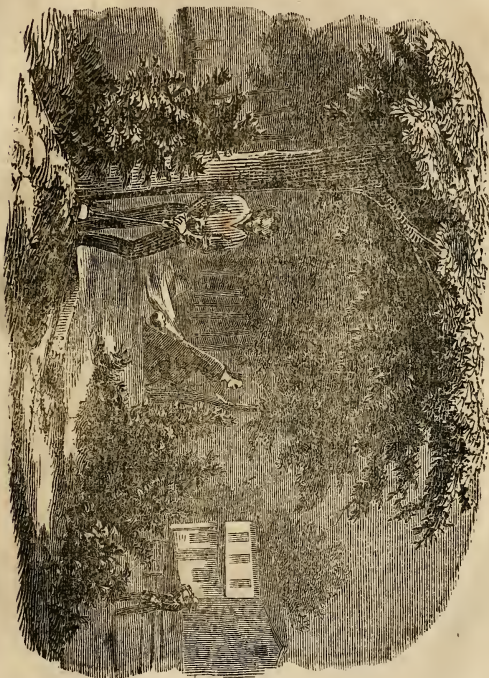


PRIVATE HISTORY AND CONFESSION

OF

P A M E L A L E E,

WHO WAS CONVICTED AT PITTSBURGH, PA., DECEMBER 19TH,
1851, FOR THE WILFUL MURDER OF HER HUSBAND,
AND SENTENCED TO BE HANGED ON THE
30TH DAY OF JANUARY,
A. D. 1852.



WRITTEN AT HER REQUEST AND ACCORDING TO HER DICTATION, AND
PREPARED BY THE

REV. AUGUSTUS DIMICK.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
1852.

725

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LIFE AND CONFESSION

OF

PAMELA LEE.

As time rolls on, and with it brings before the world those momentous and awful circumstances which the reader will find to his astonishment in the following pages of this truly singular production, which contains a full, explicit, and satisfactory account of this mysterious and doomed woman, whose inhuman murders cry to heaven for vengeance. No language is adequate to describe, nor mind to conceive, the enormity of the offences perpetrated—perpetrated, too, in the very midst of Christian society, regardless alike of all law, both human and divine. As a friend to humanity and society, we feel bound by an impulse of duty, to direct the attention of the solicitous reader to the perusal of at least the leading features of a career that cannot fail to attract the attention of the most indifferent observer of transitory events. If, contrary to expectation, the following pages, containing the Life of Pamela Lee, should fail to satisfy any, we assure such that our best efforts, though humble, have been directed by no other motive than a sincere regard for the propagation of strict morality, truth, virtue, and integrity. Having strained every nerve, consulted every available record, we followed from the cradle of unconscious innocence, step by step, through the joyous days of girlhood, a period not the least important in after life. Again, we behold her arrayed like the bird in spring, decorated in flowing robes, the meridian of woman's glory, basking in the full enjoyment of a husband's love, surrounded by her little children, trying to lisp the sacred name of Mother, while the warbling birds are pealing forth their gentle notes as they skip from limb to limb through the sunny grove around the smiling cottage home. Again the curtain rises, but the scene becomes suddenly changed; solitude and mourning occupy the place of joy. She whose heart should be the depository of her husband's thoughts, her words the consolation of his affliction, plans his destruction, blasts his happiness perhaps for ever, makes his home a worse than hermitage, his

children orphans of that peculiar class which springs not from the grave, that falls not from the stroke of death, but comes before its time, anticipated and inflicted by the remorseless cruelty of parental guilt. How sad the contrast ! and still worse, in deserve, as now, alas ! behold a doomed wretch struggling to dash from her lips the poisoned cup of gall and wormwood prepared by her own hands, once gentle and stainless, now steeped in crime the most revolting in nature, the most repulsive to the human heart, scarcely equalled and never exceeded in the dark pages which record pagan abominations. Then who can for one moment dwell on the sad and soul-trying recital herein contained without being sensibly affected ? Yes, for a female by all natural laws remarkable for gentleness of nature, warm and unalterable maternal love, to so far deviate from the great highway of nature to roam amid the dark and uncertain byways of vice and crime, the most abominable of which fallen and perverted human nature is capable.

Sir Frederick Lee, father of the subject of these pages, was descended of an illustrious family ; but on more minute investigation sprung into notoriety from comparative obscurity about the period of the reign of James the First of England ; in whose time so much of the land of Ireland was confiscated by the Crown. And the family in question, as compensation for some sacrifice of principle or military services, received the royal favor in the shape of a large estate in that country—to which services might also be traced the rise and fall of many affluent families of the present day, commonly known as people of distinction and blood, which literally rose from pillage of the most aggravating nature. It is therefore not at all surprising to find the sins of the parents visit their descendants to the third and fourth generation.

Sir Frederick Lee, the father of Pamela, was born near Pembroke in Wales, where he remained till of the age of 18, when he entered the army, which suited his chivalrous disposition. Not unlike his sires of old, he was ambitious, and trying to ascend the ladder to fame, when death closed his earthly career. He perished on the field of Waterloo, while assisting to lead the last charge of that veteran host, the success of whose arms gave peace to Europe and the world. The mother of Pamela was by birth a Hanoverian, of whom but little is known, she having retired on a pension to her native country, where Pamela was born, about six months after the death of her father. Pamela remained in that country till six years old, when she was brought to Wales, shortly after the second marriage of her mother, which she could not bear. In consequence, she, of course, remained under the care and tender indulgence of fond and affluent relatives, whose unceasing attention she soon began to abuse by an early show of consequence and arbitrary temper. In the mean-

time, her fond uncle, the hereditary successor to the estate and homestead, began to feel bitter reverses, and in a little time necessity became a virtue, as those previously accustomed to extravagance were forced to practice economy. So Pamela could no longer remain at a costly academy, but must remain at home, and attend the district school; which latter institution she attended, and soon began to insult the children, whom she thought her inferiors, which produced a civil war in the juvenile circle, and she was consequently expelled from the institution. The lofty ideas of family distinction and superiority of blood became poorly sustained in the estimation of the people, who laughed with scornful contempt at such absurdity, particularly when poverty took the place of wealth; but so powerful is the force of education, that instead of convincing the young aspirant of the falsity of such a position, on the contrary convinced her of pre-conceived superiority. In the interim the estate passed from the name and left only the dim and flickering memory of former affluence to console and stimulate. The lofty mansion became deserted, the bustle of carriages, the tramp of horses, and the prattle of servants all disappeared, as if to add to the previous gloom. Little remained save the coat of arms which hung in the dark and lonesome hall, the solitary and deserted emblem of the past, to which the aged uncle with hoary locks would point with pride that bespoke consolation amid the gloom of departed greatness, with which was associated the entire family history, which was not without its effect on Pamela, who had turned her eighteenth year. A prepossessing countenance knew well how to to please, and to disguise her real disposition. In a little time after, the Rev. Mr. Wakefield, of the Established Church, made a proposition of marriage, which was not accepted at first, he being past the meridian of life, though receiving a neat salary of £500 per annum; besides, he had claims to family fame, which of course received due consideration from Pamela, who at first could not appreciate the lofty motives of pure charity which prompted the meek and unassuming messenger of the gospel to preserve at least a relic of antiquity. But to be serious, the matrimonial alliance was soon found to possess difficulties which required more than ordinary treatment; as the disappointed husband began to find the natural and affected arrogance of his wife, he endeavored to dispel it by counsel, but she was deaf to professional philosophy, and it therefore required the practice of pulpit theory to calmly resign with patience and make the best of a bad bargain. We now come to the sad confirmation of early indications. Happy would it have been for her husband if such a marriage had never been effected; if she had been left to gaze and ponder over the armor and martial equipage of her gallant father, whose character she but badly imitated. Having lived

with her husband about six years in apparent tranquility, when Mr. Wakefield became hereditary successor to his uncle's estate situated in the west of Ireland, and immediately declined his parochial vocation, and went to reside in that country, at the solicitation of his wife, who immediately became disgusted with the country of her new habitation, or rather the people became dissatisfied with her unmeasured contempt. About this time the property was entered in the Court of Chancery by claimants, and the tenantry found a favorable opportunity to be revenged on the Wakefield family, by declining to pay rent to any one.

Thus matters rolled on, and embarrassment increased, still Mrs. Wakefield acted as though the nominal title of rental estate was quite sufficient to patent extravagance; whereas not a shilling could be scraped therefrom. The peaceable Mr. Wakefield tried by remonstrance to curb her expenditure, which was answered by increased vehemence of scorn, till, at length, the urgent demands for money from all quarters, suggested the possibility of obtaining a parish, then vacant in the county, which was granted. The population was principally Roman Catholic, but what of that; it was not proselytes he needed, so much as the tithe, which usually averaged from £600 to £700 per annum; but the heavenly appointment did not succeed after all, as at that time the tithe question was not only agitated, but payment resisted, by the people; and the cost of collecting often exceeded the profits; such was the state of affairs in Mr. Wakefield's parish when he left that country to be Christianised by those more likely to receive the confidence of his rebellious children. On their return to Wales, and located in a mountainous district, as a suitable retiracy, till matters might be settled, away from the pomp of city life, where a third child was born, about one year after leaving Ireland. The neighborhood abounded with game, and the lakes a full supply of fish; and, consequently, was the steady resort of fashionable visitors, who, of course, received the smiles of welcome from the polite and esteemed hostess. Mrs. Wakefield regardless of her husband's pecuniary embarrassments, after much discussion on the subject of economy, which met stormy opposition, Mr. Moffat, a man of unlimited wealth, and doubtful moral character, became a favorite guest, which aroused Mr. Wakefield's suspicions of foul play; for the charge of inconstancy is a serious accusation, if not sustained beyond the possibility of doubt. On the 27th of January, 1843, Mary Hoyt, one of the domestics, received orders from her mistress to have breakfast early next morning, as Mr. Moffat, then stopping at the house, was going to hunt, at which time Mr. Wakefield was absent for several days previous; accordingly, whilst coming down stairs, very early, she observed the handle of the door move, which

caused the thought of her master's return. Fearing she had disturbed her mistress, she ran down hastily to avoid her displeasure. In a little time after, her master's bell rang violently. She hastened to answer it. He asked her where her mistress was? She felt confused at such a question, at such an early hour; said "she did not know, but would go and see." During which, Mr. Wakefield stood in the hall. The maid returned after her ineffectual search, still suspecting the door where she had seen the handle move, but did not dare to intimate to the alarmed husband. On passing the suspicious door, she having summoned courage, turned around, seized the handle with all her might, when suddenly the door flew open. They having just escaped from the guilty bedside. Here the curtain must drop, as common modesty forbids a further detail. In a few moments, out stepped Mrs. Wakefield, partly dressed; and her guilty paramour, Mr. Mosiät, unblushingly appeared at the door in his night dress, and called for his servant to saddle his horse. In vain might we attempt to describe the consternation that reigned for some time. In vain also might we attempt to depict the haggard countenance of the afflicted husband as he stood like a block of marble, unable to move, to speak, or to act for some time. As soon as he recovered himself a little, he calmly bid her quit his residence immediately, which she did. Reader, we may pause here for reflection, having arrived on the fatal rock of destruction, on the very pivot of human misery. Well and truly might the editor of this fatal circumstance exclaim, in the language of eloquence and truth, "The hour of adversity is woman's hour;" well might the heart-struck husband exclaim, "Is this the return you have made for my hospitality; it was not merely you have dishonored my bed; it was not merely you have sacrificed my happiness; it was not merely you have widowed me in my youth, and left me the father of an orphan family; it was not merely you have violated a contract to which the world swear a tacit veneration; but you have done it my friend, my guest, under the very roof of barbarian reverence—when you enjoyed my table, you pledged my happiness—and at the very hour, too, when our little children were wrapped in that repose of which you have forever robbed their miserable parents. And yet this is called mere adultery—an almost everyday occurrence, which insults misfortune, betrays friendship, violates hospitality, tears up the foundation of human nature, and scatters its fragments at the violated altar, as if to bury religion beneath the ruins of society." Having seduced from his friend the mother of his children, he deliberately offers him compensation in the shape of cattle; yet the very brute, he would barter for that unnatural mother, would lose its life rather than desert its offspring. See, then, the horrible atrocity as it clutches its victim, and taints

society ; but who can for a moment attempt to estimate the enormity of the guilt, as it bears on its victim, which occurred at that very period when it cast a doubt on the legitimacy of his only male child. What solitary consolation is there in reserve for him ? There was one, of all the world he adored, and she deserted him. Is it society ? The smile of others' happiness appears but the epitaph of his own. Is it solitude ? Can he be alone, while memory, striking at the sepulchre of his heart, calls into existence the spectres of the past ? Shall he fly for refuge to his sacred home ? Every object there is eloquent of his ruin. Shall he seek mournful solace in his children ? Oh ! he has no children. There is the little favorite that she nursed—there, even there. On its guiltless features, there is the horrid smile of the adulterer. Young reader, if we dwell on the above beyond the allotted space, it is in order that its terrible truth should be engraven on your memory. Ponder well, and learn the value of virtue and strict integrity, at the cost of others. To return to our narrative, the afflicted husband soon after sought and obtained a divorce ; while the wretched outcast, like a loathsome weed, flung from the garden, wandered homeless, friendless, and moneyless, amid the thorns and underbrush of society. After to sing around for some time from place to place, slenderly cared for by her paramour, who scorned her society in public—it was then, a keen sense of feeling of deep degradation appeared visible, but too late. In a little time after, the thoughts of her children began to pierce her heart ; but, alas ! she forfeited that happiness. No more was she to hear them lisp and prattle ; no more could she enjoy the gentle kiss of her darling boy—her guilty heart became filled with grief ; her soul, with anguish ; her brain burning day and night ; her eyes rolled and startled, as she thought of her children, till, at length, she flung herself at the feet of her uncle, imploring his aid to obtain pardon, or, at least, one glance of her children ; but he heard her not ; his heart could not be reached by her, whose conduct flung the robe of disgrace on the name.

In vain she sought every avenue of access through such as she dare approach ; wrote several letters to her husband, which was said to possess much ability ; none, however, were preserved. Discouraged and afflicted, she returned to her haunt of misery with increased vigor, and soon began to give vent to grief in public acclamation of wild and frantic wailings, which attracted the attention of the people in the vicinity, who concluded to place her in the lunatic asylum, where she remained about six months. After which, she sought shelter from the sad storm by flight to her mother. But that cruel mother, deaf to the supplication of her prodigal child, would not admit of even one single interview ; but mercilessly flung her out amid the night's dark

horrors in a strange land. Caricature, if you can, the anguish of soul naturally felt on such an occasion, as she stood amid the gaze of unfeeling strangers—no, not unfeeling, for they took her in from the howling wind, and pelting snow, that seemed sent by the God of nature to add vengeance to calamity, already beyond human fortitude to withstand.

But she stood firm and unshaken amid the crashing storm on every side, and with folded arms calmly gazed on the scene by which she was surrounded; at one moment the palmy days of childhood was visible with all its loveliness, innocence and mirthful simplicity, the next moment her deserted home, abandoned husband, orphan children, and her own guilty soul would stare her in the face; at length silence gave way to audible anguish, and after a few brief days her wearied eyes and faltering steps were again directed to the land rendered hateful by unpardonable guilt; still she sought the dread approach, for misfortune has charms for its victims. Once cut adrift from the moorings of domestic happiness, and like a refuge plank separated from the great raft, subject to the action of the tempestuous ocean, after tossing from wave to wave, over rocks and ledges, finally rested on the sunny banks of the Ohio River, in a state of dilapidation, happy would it have been for her victims, for herself and society had the ocean's wave become her sepulchre ere her poisoned arrow found a fresh field of fatal action, as the following passage will show, which record the enormous guilt of the murder of her second husband and child. Having thus far traced with accuracy the leading features of her career, written at the time by Dr. Williams, of Liverpool, and published in pamphlet form, from which we copy, and feel fully satisfied of the authenticity of the whole, though her own confession goes further back, and more, there is a discrepancy relative to the guilt of Mr. Wakefield, whom she charged with conniving in the imputed guilt of her adultery with Moffat, as her account will appear in its proper place, we deem it right to continue the statement of Dr. Williams a little further, in order that the reader may judge. After her unexpected return to the neighborhood which filled the already afflicted heart of her former husband with grief and commiseration for her misfortune, that he was said to have shed tears abundantly, but being naturally proud and unbending could not think of such a thing as reconciliation, that, he said, was impossible on this side of the grave, still felt grateful to those who interfered in her behalf, and after consultation finally agreed to settle a salary of fifty pounds sterling per annum, on condition that she quit the country during her natural life, which proposition she of course accepted; preliminaries having been settled she chose America for her destination, and on the 15th of May, 1845, arrived in New Orleans, where she drew one hundred

pounds sterling as the first instalment. As might be expected the winds of adversity became lulled for a time, but only to gather and increase to a hurricane. Shortly after she began to appear in fashionable circles, and agreeable to her natural disposition, soon began to attract the attention of such as resembled herself in admiration of persons of distinction. Distinguished, indeed, she was, but of that particular shade that, perhaps, none there suspected even for a moment. Still guilt is its own accuser, and our heroine was resolved to make the most of her time by accepting the proposal of marriage by Mr. Worms, a retired English Jew of great wealth, who was at the time on a visit to the city with his family, largely engaged in the mercantile circle. Early in October of the same year she became the wife of Mr. Worms, whose prudence did not keep pace with either his experience or years, which immediately began to appear, first in the murmurs of his children, who condemned the imprudent selection of a partner; but what cared he so wealthy, and yet that very wealth soon after sealed his doom. As might be expected she incessantly endeavored to widen the breach between him and his family, lest her real character might become known, and in the Spring of 1846, they sold out and left New Orleans, and proceeded to Chicago, Illinois, where but little is known of them during their sojourn in that quarter, save the death or premature disappearance of the little favorite daughter of Mr. Worms, by his previous marriage, which they brought with them from New Orleans, and whose strange death still hung like a cloud of ominous foreboding on the old man's mind. We now come to glance at the circumstances of her last guilt and detection. About the middle of September, 1848, Mr. Worms and wife came by steamer to our city, and took rooms at the St. Charles Hotel, where they remained some time, and at the request of his wife purchased a beautiful cottage one mile from the city, on the turnpike road leading to Brownsville, for the sum of six thousand dollars in ready cash, and went to reside there soon after. Matters passed along quite smooth for some time, till the 15th of October last, Mr. Worms expired quite suddenly, and interment took place as usual, during which time rumors became prevalent, and legal investigation was resorted to, for which purpose disinterment was necessary for post mortem examination, and the deeply robed widow politely requested to appear to await decision; but to the astonishment of all, on the arrival of the Coroner and other legal gentlemen, Mrs. Worms could not be found, which flung the mantle of doubt in that quarter. It was soon found that a person answering the description took the Cincinnati packet at ten o'clock. Immediately telegraph dispatches were sent to all places on the river, and the missing Mrs. Worms was taken at Wheeling, on board the Buckeye State, and con-

veyed back to await trial at the December term of the Court of Oyer and Terminer. In the interim witnesses were put under bonds for reappearace, and such of the servants as seemed doubtful were placed in prison for safekeeping. At length the anxiously sought day of trial arrived, Monday, December 15th, 1851. At an unusual early hour the court room was densely filled with spectators from all quarters, but the postponement of the trial till the following day, on account of the indisposition of the Chief Justice, disappointment was felt by many who came quite a distance to see the prisoner. The following day at the usual hour, ten o'clock, A. M., his honor took his seat in common with other members of the bar, and a little after the prisoner entered the court room, and was accosted by a volley of hisses from the halls and galleries, which drew forth a salutary and bitter rebuke from the Judge and Sheriff, who threatened to place in irons such as would again dare to soil the sacred robes of the ermine by any such tumult. The prisoner looked calm and serene throughout, spoke freely to her counsel, seemed to greet such sympathisers as approached. She was dressed in plain black silk, black crape cap with narrow border, looked well and healthy.

Trial of Pamela Worms for the Murder of her Husband. Court of Oyer and Terminer, before Judge Green, at Pittsburgh, Pa. December 16th 1851. Mr. John Slater for the prosecution, Mr. Thomas Graham for the defence.

The necessary forms of Court having been gone through, the Jury answering to their names, the Court took a recess of half an hour. Counsel for the prosecution briefly stated the nature of the case, and the chain of testimony which he intended to produce, and concluded by earnestly hoping the Jury would do their duty; then introduced the first witness,

Dr. Varrick, sworn, deposed,—Was in attendance on the 18th of October last in my official capacity as Coroner at the post mortem examination of the body of the late Moses Worms.

Q. By Counsel for prosecution.—When did you see the body?

A. At two o'clock P. M. Witness handed the verdict to the Court, then proceeded his direct testimony.—The body was much swollen and quite black, think decomposition set in immediately after death; found in the lower region of the stomach a large quantity of arsenic, also the remains of a vegetable that from what remained looked like a poison; afterwards searched the residence of deceased and found a quantity of vegetable, which witness exhibited as apparently the same; I am acquainted with this vegetable, have often tested it in common with other vegetable matter, think either would cause death.

Cross examined :—Am not acquainted with any other practical use of blue rocket than to poison ; it is the most powerful of all vegetable poisons with which I am acquainted ; cannot swear positively it was the same as what I hold in my hand, but think it was. Found the vegetable referred to secreted in a closet in the north part of the garret, amongst other nutritious vegetables. In reply to questions, think it quite possible for others to place the vegetable there as well as the prisoner ; could not find any remains of arsenic in the house ; could not for a moment attach suspicion to the servants, as each seemed firm and frank in testifying ; did not see the prisoner on my arrival, and therefore could not use any menacing expressions to her ; am satisfied the deceased died by poison administered to him by the hand of some person or persons.

Anne McGinley, sworn, deposed :—Was housemaid in the employ of the prisoner at the time of the death of her husband ; have been such during six months previous to the occurrence. I often heard them quarrel when up stairs ; I used to do her chamber work, but during the week previous to the death of Mr. Worms, she would not let me do her work ; she said Mr. Worms was out of his mind, and she did not wish any one to see him ; I think she said one day he was doating ; I did not insist.

Cross examined :—Q. How long since you heard them quarrel ? A. Cannot say ; I never took notes of such things. Q. What do you call quarrelling ? A. Scolding very bad, accompanied by epithets too vulgar to mention. Q. Did you not say Mr. Worms was sick ? A. I did ; he was confined to his room some time before his death. Q. Did you not often hear him cough bad ? A. No ; not till the night he died. Q. Did you see him die ? A. I did ; and a fearful sight it was.

Julia Clark, sworn, deposed :—I know the prisoner ; I was cook in her employ at the time of her husband's death ; my business was all down stairs, and I slept down stairs also ; know nothing of the things above. Mrs. came down frequently to cook and warm drinks for her husband ; about that time remember one day she brought down a saucepan with vegetables in it to cook ; I asked her why she did not send it to me ; she replied it was not of any particular consequence, as it was only to please a notion of Mr. Wakefield's, who took a notion for some greens, which she did not suppose he would eat.

Cross examined :—Q. Do you not know how many days before his death ? A. Am pretty sure it was not a week. Q. How do you know ? A. Because on the forenoon of that day I did up my part of the laundry, for we washed once every week, and I never more washed there. Could not describe the vegeta-

ble ; did not take sufficient notice at the time. Did go up stairs to see him expire ; was not asked to enter his apartment before.

John McMahon, sworn, deposed ;—Was hostler in the employ of deceased ; have been there 11 months. Am a married man ; live with my family ; did not board at the house ; went there every morning. Understood that Mr. Worms was sick from some of the help a little before his death. One of the girls, don't remember which, ran out and told me my employer was dying. I went in, and saw a number in the bedroom, which is off the front parlor. As I went in he saw me, and told me to come and hold his wrist. I did so. He then said, " John, John, I am a dead man ; I am poisoned by my wife ; remember that, when I am dead. When I found my health declining I made my will. She found my papers and took them : all is lost now. I can't live to see it. Write to that effect to my son." At this moment she entered the room. All again was silent save the moans of the dying man, and I left, unable to look at the scene before me.

Cross examined :—I do not think he was crazy, more than you are now. His pain was great, and he seemed quite sensible of it. I did not take notice of it just then, but the words have ever since kept ringing in my ears, and I never can forget them whilst I live.

Several other witnesses were introduced in corroboration of the foregoing testimony. Several gentlemen proved that the deceased consulted them and expressed a wish to settle his business. Other witnesses proved Mr. Worms dissatisfied with the conduct of his wife : but our limited space will not afford any other than a brief view of the leading testimony. Counsel for the prosecution having notified the Court that his witnesses were heard,

Counsel for the defence rose and stated that he would not introduce witnesses, but would rest his defence on the testimony of the prosecution.

He then continued to sum up in a speech of near two hours, of logical power and legal reasoning sufficient to awaken the memory of a Socrates of old, concluding with a torrent of burning eloquence not unworthy of a Burke.

Gentlemen of the Jury,—I need not remind you of the disadvantages under which I labor, and the strange and prevailing prejudice against my client. But you will carefully weigh the testimony ; even with all its dross I defy you to find clear, distinct, and unwavering guilt. Remember that while the scale is in your hands, you are weighing the heart's blood of a fellow being. Remember that in your hands this day rests the life, liberty, and happiness of a female that never did aught against you ; the pulse of whose tender heart beats anxiously for life in

common with your own. To snatch from her burning heart the blood which nature gave it will be of no use to you. Restore her to the throne for which the Almighty intended her, and you will do well. Gentlemen, I am doubly grateful for the patient hearing I have received from you, not on my own account, but that of my unfortunate client, whose afflicted eyes look to you from the solitude and gloom of the dungeon to unlock the domicile of sorrow. If you do, you will never regret it. When the day arrives, which is not far distant, that our ashes may be scattered before the winds of heaven, the verdict you will render this day, if you lean to mercy, will be cherished by thousands yet unborn, who will relate with praise the noble and merciful spirit of forgiveness which actuated their illustrious ancestors. Therefore in the sacred name and presence of that living God, before whose tribunal all must appear—in that awful name I again conjure you to judge this day as you would wish to be judged. And with that full confidence I commit the fate of my poor client into your hands.

Counsel for the prosecution followed in a brief though expressive address, from which we extract the following :—

Gentlemen of the Jury—I will endeavor to relieve your feelings by brevity. I will not enter into details on the testimony—there it is—dissolve it, and give me the proceeds. The case is of equal interest to you as to me. I am the people's servant, and must, and will do my duty, though, like yourselves, am not without my feelings; but both you and I have a responsibility to discharge, namely—the vindication of the law. I need not tell you that the prisoner is a fugitive, not from labor, but from condign punishment in the land of her birth, having some time since abandoned her husband, her home, her virtue, and her little orphan children; natural enough, she would sacrifice another at the same sacrilegious altar. True, the learned Counsel went into a full detail of the career of her early life; then concluded. Gentlemen, if one reasonable doubt lingers relative to the guilt of the prisoner give her the full benefit; and if, on the contrary, you believe her guilty, I demand a verdict accordingly. The safety of society, the protection of your sacred homes, the outraged majesty of law, trampled and insulted humanity, demands a verdict of guilty.

The Judge then proceeded to charge the Jury at much length, after reviewing the nature of the case; the character of the prisoner; her flight; finding of the poison; and other attendant circumstances, concluded—Gentlemen, I feel perfectly confident, that you are equal to the important duty with which you are this day entrusted; that no prejudice against the prisoner can, for a moment, linger in your minds; neither will you falter in the discharge of your duty, for the law must be vindicated

Bear in mind, that the evidence is purely circumstantial; in which case, our ancestors, in their wisdom, decreed, that conviction could only follow when the remains were found; therefore, it only remains for you to be satisfied that the prisoner is or is not guilty; I therefore conjure you to discharge your duty with becoming fortitude, and due regard for the prisoner. If, in the course of your deliberations, one solitary well-founded doubt remains of the guilt of the prisoner, give the benefit of that doubt to the side of mercy—the law requires no doubtful victim in its vindication—and if, on the other hand, you are perfectly satisfied of the guilt of the prisoner, you are bound by your sacred oaths, by your obligations to society, to find a verdict accordingly.

The Jury retired, and after an absence of three hours, returned into court with a verdict of guilty. The prisoner was then removed to prison, to await sentence on the following day, Friday 19th. The following day, at the usual hour, the Court assembled; the prisoner having been brought into Court, apparently much afflicted, pale, and haggard—his Honor then continued—

Pamila Worms, you have been tried, and convicted for the murder of your husband, Moses Worms, who died on the 14th of October last, by poison, administered by you. You have heard the evidence against you, throughout this tedious trial; you cannot complain, as you were defended by counsels of ability and worth. The Court felt wishful to throw oil on the troubled waters, by conceding every advantage consistent with prudence, in order that you might be able to vindicate your innocence, and thereby save a blush from the cheek of your honored sex; but alas for humanity, you could not. Never has a case of more unmeasured aggravation come within my range than that with which you stand convicted, devoid of even one solitary incident to palliate your guilt. I have always thought it my duty to admonish such victims of the law, as low society and ignorance were instrumental in bringing to ruin; but you are not of that class. The boisterous winds of adversity, which you sought in early life, were not only forgotten, but tended to harden your heart in crime. You had a kind and loving husband, and all the means necessary to ensure happiness. Oh! how can you think of meeting in Judgment the ghastly form of him you swore on the altar to protect? How can your guilty soul find repose, while your eyes rest on the fearful vision of your unnatural cruelty—your hands yet dripping with innocent blood—the moans, tears, and lamentations, should pierce your guilty soul to tears of repentance and supplication to him who holds in his hand the destiny of all things; therefore, I conjure you to profit by the few remaining days on this side of the grave; and may the example, which your guilt, and the punishment therefor,

tend to intimidate the wicked, and instruct the uncautious throughout the world. And now, as minister of the law, so flagrantly trampled by you, it becomes my painful duty to pronounce the extreme sentence of the law: That you, Pamela Worms, be forthwith removed to the place from whence you came, and there kept; and, on the 30th day of January, 1852, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M., you be hanged by the neck till your body is dead; and may your mortal death expiate your sins. After which, the death warrant was signed by the Court.

The excitement soon began to abate amongst the people, who might be heard discussing the guilt of the prisoner at every corner of the streets; while others still maintained the incompetency of the evidence, to ensure conviction; many condemned capital punishment in any form; however, each day brought something new, as the prisoner was daily visited by persons of all classes, some from mere curiosity, and others, prompted by the exalted intention to alleviate the misfortune, and administer to the wants of the unfortunate. Amongst the foremost of the latter class were a number of our worthy and esteemed ladies, ever ready to tender the bowl of consolation, and alleviate the distress of the unfortunate, whether in the prison cell, or the lowly hut of misery. In the interim, several ministers, belonging to sundry churches, also contributed to swell the throng in the mission of mercy; but to little effect for several days, as the condemned would not speak to any one. At length, about the middle of January, the sullen gloom began to give way to brighter hopes, and to the sudden joy of many, she became quite sociable, and invited the good Father Demick, pastor of the Lutheran church, to visit her, and which he, readily did, and from day to day prayed with her, and arranged the confused account of her life, as written by herself, which he kindly furnished to us; which will be found in the following pages:

“MR. THOMAS LUCAS.—Having read the extracts published in your paper, relative to the early life of the ill-fated Pamela Worms, whose spiritual adviser I am; and have reason to hope, through the goodness of God, to succeed in preparing her for eternal mercy; and, if rightly informed, you intend to publish the above mentioned, in pamphlet form; if so, I will be able to furnish a full and entire confession from her own pen, which I will condense into as little space as possible. And with all haste, I remain yours,

“AUGUSTUS DEMICK.”

CONFESSION.

My name is Pamela Lee, I was born December 19th, 1815, according to the family registry, if I mistake not, was thirty-seven years old when I received the sentence of death, what a dreadful coincidence, there is something strange about it, indeed, there is something singular connected with the entire chain of my whole life ; having read with care the production written by Dr. Williams, which I agree with in part, but he did not do me justice, perhaps he was wrongly informed. I do not expect that what I write will be likely to receive favor, nor do I expect it will alter my doom in this world, which is sealed, but there is another tribunal, where the best will find difficulty enough to vindicate the conduct of a lifetime, and however heinous the crimes of my latter years, such will be a poor justification for those who not only brought me to ruin, but afterwards endeavoured to establish fame on the smoking ruins of my destruction, I mean my first husband, the Rev. Mr. Wakefield, accursed be his memory for ever, his conduct brought me to where I am, and to what I am. Previous to my fatal marriage to him my heart knew no guilt, save the childish pride engendered by society, or by the influence of education. The day of my marriage was the day of my ruin, I lived with him in Ireland, as confiding as was possible for a wife. If I was extravagant it was in order to keep up the necessary show of affluence for his credit sake, as well as my own ; true, embarrassment followed, as I find stated by Mr. W. but I was not the cause, any more than my then husband. After leaving Ireland he besought me to entrap Mr. Moffit in order to obtain a loan ; I could not at first believe him sincere, but he did not leave me long in doubt, at first I revolted at the thought, again I suffered the idea to linger, and time after time my heart recoiled at the abomination ; still he rallied me to the task, marked out the plan of operation, and the profits to be derived therefrom ; at length I became bolder and bolder, I obtained the required sum which he, Wakefield, pocketed ; then besought me to quarrel with Moffit, whose

scandal I dreaded, as I was in his power, which enraged Wakefield, who lost no available opportunity to ruin me, and he succeeded, as a matter of course the conspiracy was only known by two, hence I had no witnesses, which of course would not vindicate me, but would drag him before the tribunal of public opinion; but as it was the contest was an unequal one, as in a few days I was an outcast on the waters of destruction, homeless, friendless, moneyless, convicted before tried; while the framer of my ruin stood with the innocence of a dove, protected from even the imputation of guilt by the sanctimonious black gown and white cravat. Oh! were it possible for my words to reach his heart this day how dreadful would be the sound as I exclaim, villain, you enticed me from the path of rectitude to that of ruin, and then became my punisher, but God is just and will repay the transgressor with manifold vengeance; may the sins of the parents not be visited on the children, is the only wish of my sinking heart; the day is rapidly approaching when my poor mortal body must by the hand of the executioner pass to its kindred earth, to appease the insulted majesty of the law, therefore think not for a moment that I could utter falsehood with that tongue already loaded with crime; no, I will not, for I am quite sensible of my position in the eyes of the world, and now I only seek mercy from a higher tribunal. One other error corrected, and I will be done with the Dr. namely, the tears of sorrow which flowed so freely for my transgressions by Wakefield; oh! such were crocodile tears, he gave me fifty pounds a year, but only to get me out of the way lest I should expose his wickedness. or take his life, which I would have done had I outlived the last tempest, but, perhaps, it is better as it is.

My last and only resort was to fly to my mother, but the water was poisoned even there, and my burning heart could find no aliment. Then and not until then, did I see, with affliction only known to myself, the true state of my misery. As I beheld the very elements conspire against me, I became reckless and dissolute in the extreme. I immediately resolved to rush back to the very centre of danger, and there sell my life at the highest price; but the wily intrigues of him I once loved, trusted, and bartered my virtue to keep out of prison, soon devised means to evade my vengeance, by proposing to hire my banishment, which I accepted and landed at New Orleans on the 5th of May, 1845, after a passage of ten weeks on board the bark City of Glasgow, Captain McFarland. On my arrival, I drew five hundred dollars, which I understood exclusive of the annual salary, but to my dismay found such was two years' salary in advance. I soon found that my choice was a poor one, as every avenue and circle was filled with people from my native country, and it would therefore be impossible to avoid detection. In the interim

I was introduced to Mr. Worms, late of Bermuda, but who had resided for many years in Gibraltar, where he accumulated much wealth. He was old, childish, fractious, and naturally of a jealous disposition. I soon found he was fond of me, and at once resolved to turn it to my advantage, and accepted his proposition of marriage with affected delicacy. No sooner was it consummated than terror beset me on every side. Guilt and misfortune magnify danger from comparative insignificance to reality, which doubtless forms a primary part of the punishment due to transgressors. In this way I was harrassed and afflicted day and night, lest every time my husband entered the door the story of my woes in my native country would be communicated by him ; for I felt wishful to occupy the same confidence in his estimation that I did previous to marriage. Besides, his family by his former marriage looked on me as an intruder on their expected spoils of wealth, and would of course let no available opportunity escape to blacken me in his estimation. So between hands my fears often overcame my hopes. The only course to pursue would be to try and effect a separation between my husband and the adult members of his family. We were married by the Rev. Mr. Healy of the Lutheran Church, July 15th, 1846.

My next step was to shun public society as much as possible, in order to evade the eyes of those who knew me in other days ; for which purpose I feigned sickness as the cause, and besought my unsuspecting husband to quit the city ; and in June of the following year he sold out, and taking with us the two younger children, a girl and a boy, the former eight and the latter twelve years old, we proceeded by steamer to St. Louis, and from thence to Chicago, Illinois. After remaining a short time in that city, we hired a neat cottage residence one mile distant, bought appropriate furniture, and went to housekeeping. The children began to attend school in the city, and soon after, a correspondence by letter was opened between Mr. Worms and those of his family at New Orleans, which I frustrated successfully for some time by employing a person to take all such letters as might come by mail ; but my efforts in trying to convince him of their neglect were fruitless, and having lost patience, he started on the 20th of November for New Orleans. I feared my plan had worked badly, and that I would be detected, and knew not what was best to do. At length the damning thought struck me, to take the life of the boy then at home from school, that by so doing I should effect a double object.

In the first place, his death would bring the father immediately back on receipt of the news ; and in the second, would clear me of one incumbrance most likely to receive the property, as I did not expect issue. No sooner was the idea glanced over than settled ; for rapidity of action generally kept pace with my

thoughts, I asked him to accompany me into the woods, where I would show him a wild duck that was lamed the day previous ; having got him on the brink of a pond surrounded by bold sides, and also by numerous trees and underbrush, I pointed to the spot which it was necessary to approach by holding by the brambles, to which I applied my foot to plunge him down, but was not successful ; I then stooped down and disengaged his hands from the brushwood. when he dropped into the water, struggled a few minutes, and sank to rise no more in life. This was my first, but not my last murder. Oh ! no, no, the fearful truth is registered against me where no hidden crime can evade detection. I fled to my room and congratulated myself on escaping detection. When the girl returned from school and inquired for her little brother, I said he went to the woods after game ; little she thought that he was calmly sleeping in the arms of death ; how enviable his lot when compared with mine. Days rolled on and alarm for his safety became manifested by the people of the neighborhood, for he was loved by all that knew him ; at length the school to which he belonged turned out one day accompanied by men who intended to penetrate the woods and swamps, fearing he might have met with an accident which had rendered him incapable of finding his way home ; and on the second day of the search they found his remains in the brook, and was carried to the house by his little juvenile mourners, on the very day of his father's return, which added to the distressing scene, I, of course, assumed affliction more real than affected ; but they who saw me little suspected the whole, for from the bottom of my soul I abhorred the deed, and would have restored him to life were it in my power, but too late ; after that I became, if possible, more reckless than before, as I found that my so called salary was stopped. And now that my only alternative would be to hold on to my new alliance at the same time satisfied that the news of the real state of affairs would immediately disinherit me ; thus affliction and grief preyed incessantly on my mind, which required more than ordinary fortitude to withstand, and I feared lunacy, which was fast creeping on me. Early in the following Summer, 1847, Mrs. Brock, after the death of her husband at New-York, came on a visit to us, as she was related to Mr. Worms, she was then on her way to New-Orleans, and from thence to Europe, when she intended to call on my people ; I immediately began to administer poison in small quantities, which at length had the desired effect ; in the interim I managed to take and keep her ready money and other effects. After her death Mr. Worms did not feel satisfied at the account I gave of the money, but I stood to my text. A little time after he threatened to quit the country and return to New Orleans. Convinced of his intention, I resolved to try the previously successful agent, name-

ly, poison, with little Susan, the only remaining obstacle, which I felt equally anxious to keep sick, so as to prevent removal before Spring, and then we might take a different course. She expired after a long and painful illness of near six months, on the 14th of April, after which Mr. Worms became completely disgusted, and firmly resolved to move to some other place, not definitely settled, and I seemed equally anxious; he then wanted to bring the remains of his children with him, but on account of the ravages of the cholera no boat would venture to take such freight to New Orleans. So we stood on a pivot; our physician soon anticipated my wish, and recommended an eastern tour, and we sold out the furniture at auction, and started by steamer for Buffalo, where we stopped three or four days at the Lovejoy Hotel, and then proceeded by railroad to Niagara Falls, and hired rooms at the Western Hotel, as the most retired place, which I think was about the middle of April, 1848, where we staid nearly four weeks.

It is not my wish to describe the scenery so universally sought, not at all, but simply to narrate the disappointment of my expectations of relief, for my soul was too highly charged, to find relief in the murmuring sound of the angry water, which emptied its mighty volume over the stupendous precipice, and sent the spray curling upwards. In vain I stood on the frowning ledge, overhanging the great chasm, cut by the hand of nature, till my eyes grew weak. As I beheld the majesty of terror, and contrasted the littleness of mankind, when compared with the power of him who rules the universe, then, indeed, I felt a thrill of horror pierce my heart. Sometimes, I would cast my bewildered eyes over the pages of the past—the days of infancy—of childish mirth—of girlish hopes—and day dreams would spring in view, and though transitory, still sweet relief. Oh! what insupportable anguish of soul, only known to the wicked; yes, that damning and unpardonable guilt, which has ever since haunted my cruel heart, namely—the murder of the darling boy. I think, and I know, he is gazing at me this moment, not with the innocent, manly, and confiding smile that lit up his countenance. In obedience to my command, when he looked up, balancing between dread and confidence, as he uttered the words, “Oh! do not, ma. If I fall I will be drowned.” Then, reading my countenance, exclaimed, “My God! ma, do not drown me; I am a good boy!” Oh! dreadful words! Oh! terrible to withstand! What must become of those hands that sealed his doom? I was deaf; and the God which he supplicated did not arrest my fatal arm. If the spirits of the departed knew the things of this world, I would, unceasing, implore forgiveness of those victims of my accursed treachery; but I fear it would be in vain, as it was

with him who besought mercy from me, when the devil armed me with power to take that which I could not give.

Here she got into a rage of feverish despair, impossible to describe, and sufficient to melt the heart to pity, when I endeavored to console her, and warn her of the danger of blasphemy or despair; either of which would seal the gates of mercy against her; at the same time, reminding her of the unbounded mercy of Heaven, if she would still place confidence. She then became calm. I recommended composure, prayed with her, and left for that day. The following day, I found her much relieved, and she calmly continued—I seldom read much, not even a newspaper; my mind felt afflicted; the woes of the whole human race seemed concentrated around me, and interwoven with my fate. Vengeance to Wakefield was the motto of my hopes, as soon as I could avail myself of the means; for I was satisfied, that the world, and all its charms, were lost to me. We left there, about the middle of May, by railroad; to Lewistown; and then took the steamer Empire State for Oswego; and thence by railroad to Albany, where we only remained a few days, and proceeded by steamer Hendrick Hudson direct to New-York; and having remained a week, proceeded to Philadelphia, which latter city we chose as a place of more retiracy. When a short time there, I began to think I was far enough to the southward, then intimated to my husband my wish to visit Europe; but he peremptorily refused to furnish money; and added with a look of scorn, you have been long enough in that country. Dreadful words—terrible truth! Little he knew how the accent of his tongue fell on my heart, and kept ringing in my mind; for guilt never fails to be its own accuser. From day to day I pondered, and thought of the past, the present, and the future; and each day added something new to convince me, that the hour of retribution was nigh at hand. At last, I thought how singular and cunning my husband managed to conceal his business and correspondence from me. I sprung to my feet, dressed, and immediately repaired to a lock-smith, who accompanied me back, and flung open my husband's desk, which I looked into for the first time, where I found, amongst other things new to me, quite a number of letters from New Orleans, from which I could perceive that my husband felt alarm for my mental stability, and meditated a separation from me at no distant day, which project met with hearty response from his family. I carefully replaced the papers as I found them, and locked the desk as before, and left the house deeply afflicted. After wandering from square to square, at length found myself at the Fairmount water-works, and sat down on a shady spot, overlooking the tranquil Schuylkill, and in silent contemplation reviewed the past, the present, and likely future; wherein, I thought I could

discover the approach of a terrible storm. At one time I would think of taking refuge by flight ; again, some other vague and impracticable notion would glance past my afflicted mind ; at last my resolve became fixed on remaining to the rock as long as possible ; but in order to do so I must change my policy, which I did with artifice, becoming my treacherous heart, which was increased love towards my husband, confiding simplicity, and desire for retracy, which had the desired effect ; for he was a man susceptible of flattery, though suspicious and jealous. Before I close my remarks relative to that time, I wish to state, that I became acquainted with a female, whose early history of misfortune was not unlike my own ; and was then receiving a stipend from her father in the country of her birth ; and could not summon fortitude sufficient to keep sober ; and was consequently sought after and assisted by the sisters of mercy, to whose attentive counsel, she was principally indebted for her safety. At her solicitation, I laid open my sorrowful history, and besought counsel, which drew forth tears abundantly in my behalf ; and with that maternal solicitude, and truly Christian meekness, exhorted me to repentance and contrition for my past transgressions, and offered more consolation and resolution to reform than was ever imparted to me. Fatal day that I had to leave the influence of such. Had I remained in Philadelphia, I would not be surrounded by those gloomy walls. My husband would be still alive ; but I was unworthy of such heavenly influence ; and I was flung again into the tempestuous and destructive wanderings of my former vicious inclinations, and aided by another equally malevolent.

I need not recapitulate the incidents connected with our removal to this city, which is so well, and so widely known. No sooner were we located in our new habitation, than crowds of visitors flocked from New Orleans, which reminded me of days in other lands, that I began to feel disgust and affliction, lest the next boat would bring some well known guest of other days. Thus, I began to ruminate and ponder over the visions of the dreadful future, as well as the irreparable past ; at length, my heart became overcharged with anguish, and sought relief by throwing open the avenue of my sorrow to a confidential ; but how unlike the angelic sisters that came to my rescue on a former occasion, the calm reader may judge. I do not mean to censure his base ingratitude, neither do I wish to apologise for the turpitude of my own conduct, as two wrongs do not make one right. From the day I told him of the story of my early life, and other family grievances, he kept me in perpetual alarm, by fabricating, from time to time, letters, and other information of my husband's knowledge of my early life ; also his private endeavors to effect sale of the property ; after which, I would be

divorced and flung to the winds, &c. Such I found when too late were purely fictitious, though artfully manufactured out of the story told by myself. Female reader, beware of those practising sympathisers, who with eager ear listen to your family grievances; and remember that amongst them are your deadly enemies. I asked her the name of the individual in confidence, she replied, "His name will sink with me into the grave; I am bad enough, but will not be an informer. Were he caught, his cowardly heart would not sustain him, and in all probability he would implicate other innocent persons, and then turn informer. He is now beyond the boundary of the nation, and if left alone will be his own punisher. I fear I am tiring your patience, and will endeavor to be as brief as possible in future. I now come to the first and last guilt in which the above mentioned accomplice was accessory. Early in October of last year, there lived with us an aged lady, whose name was Anne Thomas, an old follower of the family of Mr. Worms in the capacity of housekeeper, and a strict confidential of the family, whose absence I long tried to produce, but without effect. After frequent consultation with —, it was finally agreed to put her to rest the first available opportunity, previous to which, I frequently told my husband of her fractious mind, and wandering notions of going back to Bermuda. At length, I seized the opportunity afforded by my husband's absence, when she went to bed sick, I mixed a little laudanum in a drink, ordered a fire in her room, after which I entered, and placed a large quantity of charcoal on the fire, and shut up the room tight; and when I entered next morning, she was dead. There she remained during the day, as none of the servants cared for her. My intention needs no explanation; if we could effect to get her interred privately, all well; if not, her death could not, of course, implicate me. Having seen my accomplice, and concluded to bury her that evening in the swamp to the westward of the house, and directly under the shade of the orchard; having removed the body myself, he began to dig the grave, but he would not assist me to remove the corpse out of the house. The suspense of the moment was painful. I began to rally him to take courage, but could not. I was then for a few moments at a perfect stand still, not knowing what to do to replace the corpse. I dare not attempt, and to let it remain would be still worse; therefore, of the two dangers, I chose the least; and at once resolved to attempt the removal myself. After watching my opportunity, I laid hold of the lifeless body, and with Herculean courage stealthily carried it through the orchard. Confused by the darkness of night, in the shady winding path, where the ground was uneven, I frequently fell, and would spring up again, as if inspired with fresh courage and strength by the terror of dread which so visibly stared me in the face. At length I

reached the spot breathless and exhausted, where my accomplice stood or leaned against a tree, for the support which his limbs would not give. I took hold of a tree to support myself in order to regain strength, when, lo ! I observed a man moving towards me ; I kept my eyes firmly directed to the object, and could perceive the shadow pass a little below where we stood with the corpse. Along side, the shadow of the man, for such it was, stopped suddenly, as if half inclined to return ; still my accomplice stood motionless and panic-struck, unable to move or to speak. Dreadful moment of suspense ! Having summoned courage, and accosted him in a harsh tone, to which he replied by mildly asking pardon, and proceeded as before. We then placed the body in the trench dug for the purpose, and covered it up with earth, and placed a promiscuous heap of scabble stone on the spot, and separated as the clock struck 3 A. M. I had just reached my pillow, when the terror of the scene became more visible to my mind than throughout the excited time we were engaged. Sleep fled from me, and I jumped up, dressed myself again, and patiently watched the coming day, which had its part of the task to perform. My husband returned at 4 P. M., and enquired how matters went along, to which I replied, that his much esteemed Anne robbed me of \$100 in money, and such other plate, jewelry, and silks, as was within her reach ; that I did not communicate the intelligence to the servants, who probably knew something of the matter. He felt stunned and confused for some time, and could hardly credit the assertion, then said he thought it next to impossible, and added that she was frequently intrusted with thousands on former occasions ; then inquired the amount missing, to which I replied about \$500 in all. Then he said he never would pursue her one mile. All was right so far. A few days after, had an interview with my accomplice, whose cowardly heart I spurned with contempt—the wretch that prompted me to do what he had not the courage to perform ; however I kept the smooth side out, till I could get clear of him. I told him I obtained \$500 by her death. He said he thought of going to California, to which I replied that I would furnish the cash ; and he left about two weeks after, and I have not heard of him since. May my death, and the terrible recital herein contained, bring him to repentance, while it is yet time.

The long and dreary winter was replaced by the smiling rays of summer ; all nature seemed gay and lively ; but I was alone in the midst of enjoyment. On the night of the 14th July, while seated in my room, my eyes rested on some papers that accidentally became misplaced ; found a letter from Wakefield, previous to my marriage to him. I flung it from me, and turned towards the window, and sunk down into deep and painful meditation. What a field lay open to my mind, as my eyes gazed on

the starry firmament, uninterrupted by a single cloud ; and the moaning winds struggle through the tender vines, as if to remind me of childhood ; but why dare to think of that period ? The ghastly form of the drowning boy, his pitiful looks, and smothering cries, pierced my soul with rage and affliction. In a moment the whole scene lay open before me, as I held the faithful dog anxious to jump to the rescue, I then sprung to my feet, paced the room, thought the sounds were becoming more audible than before ; would then place my hand on my forehead, still burning, and ask myself, is this reality or is it madness. Would then begin to call on the victims for pardon ; would then exclaim, villain ! that I am, ten thousand times beneath the brute, why was I thus prompted and assisted in my work of iniquity ? Reparation is impossible ; if I stop here I shall effect nothing towards the accomplishment of my main object. I will try and spill no more innocent blood. I can gather up 1,000 dollars ; that will do. Wakefield still lives, and is the husband of another. This arm must revenge the wrongs inflicted by his treacherous heart. The hour of retribution has arrived ; he shall no longer enjoy tranquility by my absence. I shall immediately depart from here. I must have his life or perish in the conflict. I am an outcast, and a worse than hermit ; the world has no charms for me, then why prolong this dreary vale of misery. From that dread hour the horrid project became more strongly impressed on my mind, and at once resolved to avail myself of the opportunity afforded by my husband's absence. The following day I packed my trunk, drew my money from the bank, changed it into gold, 1,200 dollars ; wrote a letter, which I left with the house-keeper ; stated that I received a letter from New York from my sister, hourly expected to die ; that if possible I would try to return by the 15th. I took precaution to have my trunk first brought to the city, then employed another to remove it on board the New Orleans steamer, and left at 10 A.M., on the 3rd of August, and landed at the place of destination on the evening of the 7th. Engaged board at a private boarding-house kept by a French lady. I seldom went out during the day-time, as the sun was very hot, and besides I felt anxious to avoid the eyes of those who knew me. On the 10th I agreed for my passage by a packet that was to sail on the 12th. I went out to walk on that evening as usual, in company with a lady then boarding at the house, and on my return to my room found the lock sprung, my trunk open, my clothes scattered, and the money taken. I stood and looked a few minutes, and then thought that the wheels of success had taken a retrograde movement. It was evident that the burgler made a clear sweep, and I resolved to make the best of it. The boarders felt much sympathy for me, and at once offered to make up a purse as an equivalent, but I declined taking more than would

bring me home, at the same time requested the matter to not be published in the newspaper, which, of course, was agreeable to the landlady. I left New Orleans on the 12th, and reached home on the 17th, just two days after the time specified in my letter. I need not attempt a description of the scene as I slipped out of the carriage, once more in presence of my husband. Suffice to assert, that my artifice, so successful on former occasions, signal-ly failed to satisfy his doubts and murmurings. From day to day he blustered and scolded, which enraged me so much that I resolved on his death, after which I could sell the property and pursue my original design, as by his death I would have plenty of money, and the chances of success, I thought, were in my favor. What a wretch I was! Blest with all that this world could bestow save a contented mind, which I had not enjoyed for many years past, and did not deserve. I need not dilate on the death of my aged husband; the evidence in court was both accurate and explicit; the vegetable referred to by the coroner in his testimony, was shown to me many years ago by an old Irish woman; it grows abundantly in that country, and here, too.

Now, sir, I have told my guilty thoughts in common with my actions, so far at least as my distracted memory served me; and now may I request that you will publish it without alteration, to which I assented. I have no wish to say more, and could scarcely say less. I do not expect the reader will believe my statement relative to the guilt of Wakefield, because of my unpardonable conduct in after life. Neither do I expect mitigation of the fearful sentence of the law, which in a few brief days will consign my body to the tomb; therefore how can I be suspected of uttering falsehood with that tongue already loaded with guilt; no, that cannot be; then let me entertain one hope at my departure from this world, that the exposition of my atrocity may have the desired effect of saving some wandering wretch yet balancing between rectitude and ruin; that no poor heart may ever feel the burning pangs of anguish that I have felt and must feel while life remains; that no pen may ever again be doomed to record a chain of woes and unpardonable deeds such as mine.

In reply to questions, she said, previous to the death of the boy her hands and heart were stainless. Then continued: My primary intention throughout was to effect one object, namely, to return to Europe and revenge the wrongs inflicted by Wakefield. No man ever dare assail my virtue; would that I were as clear of other crimes, but I am not. Oh! sir, I beseech you, do not open another orifice in my bleeding heart by the mention of my children; their tender minds were artfully poisoned by the same influence that procured my banishment. On my return from the Continent my children would not acknowledge me. I was thrice a mother; though fallen and degraded as I am, still my mater-

nal solicitude has not departed from me. I did not mention them because the thoughts were too painful ; and before I conclude let me assert that I forgive Wakefield, the father of my children, as I wish to die in peace with the world : I wish I could with my Maker. As the last and only legacy I can leave to those good ladies who contributed to my comfort in this lonely cell, most earnestly do I pray that none they love may ever occupy such a place. May a long life of prosperity attend my noble counsel, who did all that was possible in my behalf ; and may you, rev. sir, receive the reward of your meek and christian piety for the spiritual comfort imparted to me. * I do not complain of either court or jury, as each and every officer of the law acted towards me far better than my merit. And now let me assure the reader that no sordid views could be supposed to have influenced me to assert falsehood which cannot be read before my body will be numbered with the dead. Oh, that my soul could share the same repose ! but no ; no, my guilty soul cannot escape the terrible vengeance the innocent victims of my cruelty will be met there, too. Oh ! that I had never been born, or that the ocean's wave had become my sepulchre, and my body mingle with the coral deep, ere my feet trod the sacred soil I afterwards polluted with crime. Had I ten thousands worlds at my command I would freely exchange them all to obtain the favor of my Redeemer. Oh ! sacred shade of the departed, if you can know or hear my supplication, forgive my offences before I am summoned to your presence to render that dreadful account of the deeds committed by this mortal body ; convey to the world the anguish of my trembling frame ; trumpet to the wings of the earth my fall, my crimes, and the punishment therefore, that millions yet in the boundless futurity may know and shudder at the sorrowful story of her who uttered those words ; bear witness to my fortitude, and trust in the mercy of Him who holds in his hands the destiny of all things, that I die guilty, but not impenitent. I have no more to say.

PAMELA LEE.

County Prison, Cell No. 9, Jan. 17th, 1852.

CONCLUSION.

MR. LUCAS :

Dear Sir,—I hasten to send you a copy of the Confession of the ill-fated Pamela Lee. I need not offer apology for such discrepancy or error as may appear. You will perceive that it was written throughout agreeable to her instruction and dictation, wherein she requested that it would be published without alteration, which I hope will meet your approbation.

TO THE READER :

What words would be adequate to convey the deep humiliation of my heart as I sat from day to day in the tomb of the living, accompanied by her, whose emaciated frame presented a sorrowful contrast with the morning of life. My anxiety to alleviate the agonizing pangs of her whose tribulation can best be judged by her own words; yet how pleasing the hope of having contributed to the spiritual comfort of the disconsolate; trusting as I do that when her spirit wings its way to appear before the great tribunal where each of us must shortly appear, that my humble labor will not be without its effect; that her sincere repentance and trust in the clemency of the infinite goodness of Christ, may be pleased to blot from the book of life the the dreadful sentence pronounced against the wicked and impenitent.

And before I conclude those brief remarks, permit me to state, that what ever the reader may think of her Confession, I assure such that throughout I could not discover the slightest inclination to conceal anything of her own guilt at the cost of others; therefore, I hope and trust, her confession will make a deep and lasting impression on the young reader, as it adds one more link to the great chain of testimony, namely, that a constant perusal of the Bible which gave such comfort to her last days, is the only bulwark of happiness to the human heart, and the only refuge of the unfortunate.

AUGUSTIS DEMICK,

Pastor of the Lutheran Church.

P. 1840, Jan. 1841

DEATH OF PAMELA LEE.

P. S.—Just as I concluded the above, a note reached me from the Sheriff, as follows :—

Rev. Sir,—I hasten to inform you of the death of Pamela Lee. She expired at twenty minutes past ten o'clock, having burst a blood-vessel at eight. Dr. Clark was present and done all that was possible, but without effect. Rev. Mr. Varick was also present and tendered spiritual aid, but she would not accept of his services. She called frequently for you, but when informed by Dr. Clark that she could not possibly live more than twenty minutes longer, she then said, I resign myself to my expected doom; give this to my spiritual counsel, as she handed the letter to the Dr., which letter I enclose. She then leaned back, and, after a few struggles, she expired.

Yours respectfully,

RICHARD STORM.

County Prison, Jan. 19th.

The letter referred to was simply thanking me for my services, and intimating her belief that the time of her departure was nigh. It may be as well to give her own words as follows :

"I will not commit suicide—do not be afraid of that. I fear that I will never see you in this world. There is a something that whispers to me that my birth, my fatal marriage, and sentence on the 19th, which I remarked to you, forms a coincidence of more than ordinary nature; then should my guilty soul take flight from this mortal body before another sun, do not infer that such was procured by my instrumentality."

Reader, we must not make any remarks on the above, whether by innate feelings or other calculations; the strange coincidence is certainly worthy the attention of the reader, particularly the juvenile class whose enthusiasm too often blind the eyes when on the path of danger. May the mournful example of her life and death tend to rescue from impending ruin thousands now ingulped in crime.







